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Miscellaneous.

LIFE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We take the following from the New York Evangelist. Has any one among us an idea of life like this within a hundred miles of us? Read it. It is too natural to be false. The article is entitled *Ireland in America*. Between the Fourth and Eighth Avenues, and above Twenty-third street, lies a vast section of the city occupied mostly by Germans and Irish. The market signs that greet one going up the Sixth Avenue are very significant. First we come to the "Continental Market," which intimates to us that the Old World has sent us here the Representatives of its various tongues and people. But higher up we come to "All Nations' Market," and a walk about the neighborhood soon satisfies that it certainly is so, if it is a market at all. We seem to be in the rear of the world's camp; among the hangings of every tribe in the great master-roll of the race, but they are as we have said principally German and Irish. It is my business, Mr. Editor, to preach the gospel in this section of the city—and the observations of last fall and winter satisfy me that no higher duty devolves upon the church of God in this city, than to sustain its gospel there. To narrate what I have seen of misfortune, sickness, trial, poverty, ignorance, depravity, misery, and animalism, would be like filling your columns week after week, with the details of a battle field after a bloody fight—for hereabout every where lie the slain and wound in the great battle of life.

There is much said in general terms of the necessities and evils existing in this great city—but after all, very little is known of the variety of what may be termed *ground life* in the outskirts here. Will our readers accompany us in a morning visit to the shanties where our presence is just now expected. In this first one which is unplastered, and terribly open to the wind, and rain, and snow, the family of a poor Protestant Irishman have been battling with cold, hunger, and sickness the whole winter through. We found them in extreme destitution at a time when least qualified to dispense with comfort. Last winter the snow came upon the bed so that the child died with cold; and this winter it was well nigh the same history over again. Snow and rain have visited them freely, but by the timely ministrations of our Society, the children have been kept alive. But how dreadfully the cough! This little girl has been so sick as to refuse food, for a day or more at a time, every week since December, and the babe seems going with the cold the same way as the other.
"No truth about them?" do you say?
But what have they to be thrifty with? Poor John was thrown out of work in the fall, by having his hand crushed by some stones in building a sewer, and all this winter scarce a day's work could be had! John now hopes for better times by waiting upon God in the sanctuary—and since relieved by us has not failed to be at meeting twice each Sabbath.

In this shanty, a little further on, lies a poor man who has been unable to stand on his feet for seventeen months. You will find nothing more distressing in the hospital than his case. Yet he speaks resignedly, and thinks God is very merciful. In some way, he cannot tell how, his six dependent children have been kept alive. The mother gathers coal ashes, the boys pick rags in the street and beg. The three youngest have no outer garments you see—no shoes or stockings—have had none this winter. There is no hope of the man's being better. The poor woman wears an amiable countenance, and thanks us for taking the boys into the Sabbath School. Here, then, a little girl of six years old is left to take care of her helpless father and three children younger than herself while the rest of the family are scraping the gutters and begging for a subsistence. "Intemperate family!" No. Not a soul in the neighborhood has a word against them. The sickness of the poor man is the great drawback. The boy does not appear to be vicious, but well behaved, and is very teachable in the Sabbath school.

In the shanty close by we can do no good. The pigs and hens make dreadful work there—but liquor makes worse. The poor boy who has such a depraved mother, has, nevertheless been a very steady attendant on the sabbath school since November. We have tried to keep him decent, but we should have had better luck with the pig, at half of the expense.

Near the Fifth Avenue, lies a poor widow who looks for us to-day. She has been confined to her bed these four weeks and seems dangerously sick. The shanty is scarce a protection for cattle, and how one can ever be well here, is a mystery. These four boys are her only dependence. The oldest is 15 years—but they are all very sickly looking, and suffering for want of sufficient food. The two oldest start off early every morning to work in a tobacco factory two miles from town, where they work until three o'clock, and earn 12 cents each per day. They are paid every Saturday. This is all the family have to live upon, and the poor little boys eat no meat at all, and nothing during the whole day, but the bread before they start off in the morning. They never beg, but drink a great deal of water down, when they feel so hungry. I know it hurts them—so says the mother. We shall help them, and have them in the Sabbath school.

In this next shanty is a good temperance family—but in times of no work, life goes hard with them. The rain has flooded them repeatedly, and the children suffer badly for need of clothing. During all this winter they have been picked together at night on a cot without bedding, and covered with a piece of carpet! The boy of seven, promises well as a teachable scholar in our school.

At the next shanty we must hold our nose and ply the smelling bottle. There is a pile of hay in the corner, at which an old will horse sniffs every night. His stable has not been cleaned out these some days—and the pigs rooting about the room—and the heat of the stove!—Eutake breath without, and look in again. Yonder is a cradle stuffed with hay, and a wretched child peeping over towards us—behind the stove is a boy of 5 or 6, with the fragments of a shirt and jacket, but otherwise unclad—a girl of 7, it may be, stands there in a scrap of tattered frock as her only garment, and another child is wrapped in a piece of carpet he has no clothes at all! The woman looks at us moment in wonder, and then breaks forth in lamentation and cries for succor. Her story is:

"He feeds his pig in the other room; and stables the horse upon us here. We sleep on the floor of the loft—we have no bedding, only pieces of carpet—the children cry dreadfully in the night with the cold, and it is far better for them to lie in the hay beside the horse. We have no food but what he brings home in the cart? We find all this as she says. We might call upon fifty other families herabouts whose situation is deplorable in the extreme—but this must suffice us for to-day.

And now let us return and ask the good people of New York, how far Ireland is from the City Hall? G. H. H.

THE "PASS-WORD."

Lover tells us a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass word at the battle of Fontenoi, at the same time Saxe was Marshal—

"The pass word is Saxe—now, don't forget it," said the Col. to Pat.

"Faix, and I will not," answered Pat—

"What's your father a miller?"

"Who goes?" cried the sentinel, after hearrived at the post.

Pat looked as confidently as possible and in a sort of whisper—howl, replied—

"Bags, your honor."

DEFINITION OF A HEART.

It is said there is not much heart in the intercourse of the higher orders, and that truth and feeling are only to be found unsophisticated in the walks of humble life. A fashionable man being told that he had no heart, replied—"Heart? what's that? Oh! a thing servant maids have, and break for John the footman."

BUNYAN'S TOMB.

Bunyan was buried in Bunhill fields, where his tomb is often visited. Not long ago, a funeral took place there, that was attended among others, by the celebrated Doctor Maginn, for a long time one of the most brilliant writers for Blackwood's Magazine. As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the sexton, "Grave-digger, show me the grave of John Bunyan!" The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who seemed deeply affected. As they approached the place said, tread lightly! Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholly mood, deeply affected, and at length exclaimed in solemn tones as he turned away, "sleep on thou prince of dreamers!" The dreamer had lain there one hundred and fifty years, but no lapse of time has destroyed the spell which he still holds over the strongest minds.—Presbyterian.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The members of the parish of Trinity church have invited the Rev. T. L. Pitkin, of Rochester, to become the associate rector of said church. Mr. Pitkin is a gentleman of fine talents, and in all respects an ornament to his profession. He is the son of Hon. T. Pitkin, author of the statistics of the United States &c. &c.—(Palladium.)

SCENE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

HORRIBLE HUMAN SACRIFICE AT CALABAR.

We have been politely favored with the following:

"In a communication which I received from the Rev. J. Clarke, one of the Baptist missionaries at Bombay, Western Africa, he states the following fact, occasioned by a most horrid custom, that of immolation of a number of hapless victims, on the death of a royal personage, still prevailing in those parts. The letter is dated October 23d, 1818. He writes—'At Calabar there has been a fearful sacrifice of more than 100 persons for a son of the late king. The poor creature danced ebbo all the day, drank mimby, or palm wine, in large quantities, and died the same night. It is supposed he was poisoned. This may be the cause, or it may not—we cannot tell. The aged mother cried out in African phrenzy that she had lost her last child, and now had none to whom to leave her property, and plenty of slaves must therefore be sacrificed. Those at market, and all who heard in time, ran into the bush—they will remain there until the sacrifice ceases, that is, as to personal liabilities to their doom. This will be rather more than one year. The sacrifice took place—three holes were dug in a house. The corpse was put into the first, with a number of young women. Into the second the slaughtered Creoles or town-born people. The proportion, as stated to us, for these holes, was 30 female slaves, forty males, and 20 Creoles. Much was done by Mr. Waddell, Mr. Edgerly, and also by Captain Milburne, of the Dove, to try to persuade King Byamba to prevent the sacrifice, but it could not be done. Mr. Clarke then suggests the following as calculated to lead to an early abolition of such a cruel practice. He states, One message sent by the Queen of England, and this urged by all the merchants who trade from England, to old Calabar, requesting the discontinuance of such a custom, would be effectual. The custom must soon cease, but it might be prevented the sooner by taking such a step. Let the merchants, then petition the Queen to send her requests to the King of Old Calabar, who receive of her bounty for the suppression of the slave-trade, and desire them to offer no more such sacrifices on the death of their relatives! If this should meet the eye of some philanthropic merchant engaged in the West African trade, and should he interest himself with his brother merchants to carry out the suggestions, and the end be accomplished thereby, he will confer not only a vast benefit upon the African race but on the friends of humanity throughout the world.'

ACTIVITY IN HEAVEN.

Because heaven is a place of rest, it does not follow that it is a place of idle activity. Like the Sabbath, which is its type, it will be a state of such rest as is consistent with active worship. The activity of heaven will be tireless and untiring. The highest mental and spiritual exercises of those who are admitted there, will be neither labor nor toil for them to tire; and freed from these, the soul in heaven, like the soul on earth, could it be thusset free, will exercise its highest powers, untiring and untired. Nor is this all. Heaven is a state of active beneficence. There all are employed in doing good. They who tasted love on earth, shall banquet on it in heaven for ever. All shall do good; from the highest seraph that bends before the throne, to the last soul saved, as by fire. No sooner do saved spirits breathe the atmosphere of heaven, than they fly off on errands of love—"ministering angels" to all who need their ministering officers. How sublimely did Dr. Baecher discourse on this theme to his pupils. Hear him:—

"Excepting freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action, is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven, I did believe that its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes! Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps, useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased ministering the universe of God? Are Peter, and Luther, and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of activity, of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, for ever cast on a banquet of thought—rich, glorious thought. Young gentlemen, press on—you will never get through. An eternity of untiring activity is before you and the universe of thought your field."

WANT OF PRINCIPLE FATAL.

I have seen the young man who had stored himself with the intellectual qualifications necessary to a reputable life, with good intentions, generous impulses, honorable sentiments, with intelligence, and agreeable manners, and an active spirit; he thought himself prepared for all that lay before him, equipped for a creditable, successful, self-governing career, and for as much virtue as would be requisite for safety and good reputation in the world. So he stepped forth with confidence and alacrity upon the theatre of life.

By and by, of course, there came a stress upon his principles, a draft upon his moral resources, that he had not anticipated. Dangerous associates drew their wily and invisible nets about him. Pleasure plied him first gently and then stormily with its bewitching enchantments. New influences drew him by degrees from his industry and probity. Confidence slipped mysteriously away from him. Evil predictions were whispered of him by the sagacious. The aims of life became gradually lowered in him, and the flame of good aspiration as burned lower and lower. A reckless aspect stealthily came over him, that in describable but unmistakable look. He fell away from his good endeavors and his lamp went out, in a prodigal and worthless life, in the slough of indolence, and sensuality and moral enervation.—There was a fatal deficiency at the outset—and it was sure to go out.

I have seen the maiden, who resembled her foolish prototypes in the parable. She entered upon life gayly. Her confidence was in her taste, her accomplishments, her intellectual quickness, her social attractiveness, her social position and connections, and in such store of romantic sentiments and fine-toned sensibilities as might easily pass, for a time, for religious affluities and a semi-moral enthusiasm. By and by the real cares and duties of life came. The illusions of youth passed away as they must. Accomplishments lost their charm, and beauty its lustre. The realities of life grew common-place as they always do.

Life is not what it seemed in her young dream. Romance flies from domestic hearth. Suffering and sorrow came, and the stern trial of her strength and patience. Emotion, sweet before, grows acrid now. Sentiment turns into fretfulness, and enthusiasm to discontent and disappointment. Duty is burdensome, & home is insipid, and its ties a bondage, and society a mockery. All this bitter falling off is cloaked to the common eye under the show of good appearances, but the feeling of it is more intense for that. Her life is a failure—her lamp has gone out; and well it might go out—well it might—every page of Scripture and every lesson of human experience predicted that it would.

I have seen a man, who at the outset designed to be only prudent, industrious and enterprising, turn at length into a sordid miser, his heart smothered under his gains, his heart eaten up by the cankerous touch of his own gold, and the whole man, body and soul, bound hand and foot, a helpless slave to the goals of this world; no not its goals, but to the mocking shadow of its goods. His lamp has gone out; and now could it but go out, with such shallow outfit as he started with!

I have seen the man who had to much conscience to set out with the purpose to deceive and swindle—he meant only to be shrewder, and more vigilant than others. But in the drive of business, and amid growing excitements and larger baits, honesty faltered, and conscience grew accommodated, and opportunity more inviting. Integrity fled little by little, he knows not when or how, and now his whole heart is false, his whole character unstrung and demoralized. His lamp has gone out, and no wonder; as well might a pasteboard ship breast the surging waves of the sea.

So all around us, in every sphere of life, lamp after lamp goes out in moral stealth and darkness. And why? Of necessity and of course, for lack of oil, upon the same principle that any human purposes fail, that depend on forethought and accumulated resources and reserved power, as character does, more essentially, more universally than any thing else. Whence shall we derive those needful resources and that reserved strength, which are sure to be wanted? I answer, from among the moral elements of the soul and the spiritual influences of religion—in early and vigorous self-culture, and that uplifting, sanctifying spirit, that comes from God through Christ.—Dr. Putnam.

Fast Day.—Lord John Russell, in the Lords, on the 2d, said that his Majesty had been pleased to order the Lords of the Council to appoint a day of national fast and humiliation, in consequence of the present state of Ireland.

SCOTCH DEGREES.

When the University of St. Andrews sold her honors, a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful, if he possessed what the Germans call the *Doctor*, had put £25 in his purse, and went to St. Andrews to purchase for himself a gold degree. His men servant accompanied him and was present when his master was formally admitted to the doctor's honor. On his return he called the servant, and addressed him as follows:—"Now, Sanders, ye'll ay be sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor'll see you in a crack."—"That 'a depends upon whether ye'll call me doctor too!" was the reply. The Reverend doctor started. "Ay, it is just so!" continued the other. "For when I find that it cost so little, I've got a deal more to say. Ye'll just be good enough to say doctor, not on some coals, or doctor bring me some whiskey and hot water—an gin any body says at ye about me, ye'll be as sure to say the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be."

OUTRAGE.

The Rev. J. N. Maffit, the well-known clergyman, being on Monday evening about to contract a marriage with a young lady of eighteen, whose acquaintance he had formed but a short time before, a mob of some hundred persons assembled in front of the house, with guns, cat-calls, old bottles, and all conceivable instruments of noise, for the purpose of annoying the parties. They also built bonfires for the same end. They kept up this outrageous proceeding till after one o'clock at night without any other interference on the part of the authorities than the reading of the riot act by the Mayor, who happened to be one of the wedding guests. The marriage ceremony was performed notwithstanding.—Tribune.

"THE WAR IS UNPOPULAR"—JOHN CALHOUN.

The last days of the late session disclosed to the country, the consciousness that the war with Mexico was rapidly exciting the administration with infamy. The leaders of the majority in the Senate were in angry collision with Col. Benton made a bitter and deliberate attack on Mr. Calhoun—charging on him the crime of the disgraceful business. He said "it originated in a plot of crime and imbecility." He said the "elements were angry," when Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of State, dispatched his messenger to Mexico. That the policy of Calhoun, "slammed the door in the face of all hope of peace with Mexico was at an end," that "if Mexico had one man with the courage of Tom Thumb, he would fight?" Mr. Calhoun met all this at the threshold, by the significant and emphatic declaration, that it proved that "the war is unpopular!" In that scorching truth, he but echoed the sentiment of the nation. The war is unpopular. Its origin was abhorrent to all the sacred principles of republicanism, and its subsequent management by the administration has not been better. Its authorship is unacknowledged by the public authorities—but they cannot shake it off. Senators taunt each other of bad faith—they are embroiled in controversy, and wrangle by the hour, in charging the fatal stigma of the war upon one another. Meantime, the guilt and odium of the wretched calamities, are branded upon the administration. The brand is burning deeper and deeper, during every month the war continues, and a volcano of indignation is accumulating which will sweep from power the men who disgracefully abuse it.—[Express.]

A NEW DESTRUCTIVE.

We understand from a gentleman who has recently returned from Washington, that the government has just concluded a negotiation for the purchase of a most formidable weapon of destruction in the shape of a rocket which can be propelled by one man, and yet will destroy life and property at a distance of two miles. This weapon was invented by an Englishman and offered to that Government, but not adopted by them, when an American saw its destructive properties, and purchased the patent right for \$20,000. He then returned to the United States and offered it to the War Department, and when it had been subjected to experiments in presence of all the distinguished military and naval officers, it was approved of and purchased for \$200,000. A company of artificers are to be drilled expressly to the use of this weapon, and despatched to the seat of war forthwith.—True Sun.

The Rev. Dr. P. Sanford has resigned the Rectorship of St. Paul's, Woodbury; and accepted a call to Christ's church, and St. Peter's, Oxford.

HORSES FOR SERVICE.

Capt. Walker, of Texas, who has raised a troop of Rangers for the U. S. service, purchased his horses in Kentucky. They are "dark bays, dark sorrels, and blood bays with black hoofs, not more than fifteen and a half hands high, between three and five years of age, of the best blood, clean limbs, of fine form, substance and action, of fine spirit and a tractable disposition." He considers that horses of that age, with good grooming, are better than older ones—no easily taught what is wanted of them—and in all respects the best.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A large meeting of the Whigs of this State was held at the capital, on the 23d inst. composed of the most influential and leading men from all parts of the State, at which General Z. Taylor was formally nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, in 1853.

Although in several sections of the country he has been previously nominated, yet I believe that now is the first that has done so as a State. With this time honored war worn veteran as our candidate, I pledge Iowa as a Whig State in 1853.

Dr. Judson and his associates, says the Boston Atlas, arrived at Benning, after a passage of one hundred and thirty nine days. Their voyage was a fine one—arrangements excellent. Mrs. Judson had found the cold air of the sea unpleasant, but it was believed that the tropical climate of Benning would be favorable to her health.

In a prospect to a letter, dated Dec. 15th, Dr. J. says that he is ever more in his own domain, preparing to recommence missionary operations.

The Dover (N. H.) Enquirer says that Hon. John Kelley is elected Councillor in the 4th district, where it was supposed there was no choice. Mr. Kelley was the Whig and Independent candidate, and is editor of the *Exeter News Letter*.

Litchfield County Biography.

NATHANIEL CHIPMAN, LL. D., was born in Salisbury, in 1752. He received nothing more than an ordinary common school education until after his twentieth year, when he commenced the study of classics, entered Yale College—and in 1777 at the age of 25 he graduated at that institution. The spring before his graduation he received a Lieutenant's commission in the American Army, which he accepted, and immediately entered upon its duties. The succeeding winter, that of 1777-78, he was with the Army at Valley Forge, and endured with it those hardships and sufferings which tested the valor and proved the patriotism of our soldierly more convincingly than any thing else that occurred during our revolutionary struggle. In the campaign of the next season, he was present at the battle of Monmouth, and took as active a part in it as his station would allow.

He soon after left the army, and commenced the study of that profession, of which he was afterwards so distinguished an ornament, at Litchfield, in his native state, and was there admitted to the bar in 1779, after having studied but five months. He immediately removed to Tinnmouth, Vt., where his father had previously settled. For a complete understanding of Mr. Chipman's relation to the bar of that State it is necessary to consider the state of the law, and of those at this time engaged in its administration and practice.

The government of the "State of Vermont" had been in operation but about a year—its Supreme Court, which had been organized a shorter time, had held its first session only the December previous. There were at that time no authorized attorneys in the state, and the parties to actions then tried appeared personally. The Supreme Court consisted of one chief justice and four assistant judges, not one of whom had been legally educated. Like most of the early settlers of Vermont, they were men of vigorous intellects, uncultivated by education, and owed their eminence not so much to ability acquired by study as to their native strength of mind, and their energetic exercise of it in the controversies in which they were unavoidably involved. At the second session of this court, which was held at Westminster in Cumberland county in May, 1779, Stephen R. Bradley and Noah Smith were admitted as attorneys, &c. These were the first licensed practitioners, and the only ones who preceded Mr. C.—In the succeeding month, in the words of the record, "at a Superior Court holden at Rutland in the county of Benning, on the 21st Thursday of June, A. D. 1847, Nathaniel Chipman was appointed attorney at law sworn and licensed to plead at the bar within the State." He was thus the third lawyer in the state, and the first in the shire now county of Rutland, and such were afterwards his attainments, that he was ever acknowledged to be in ability and legal acquisition, as well as in point of time, at the head of the bar. He entered immediately upon his admission, into an extensive practice—his name appears in nearly every case in the court docket for the ten succeeding years as attorney either for the plaintiff or defendant. At the first court after the incorporation of the county, he was appointed State's Attorney, which office he retained until 1785, when he relinquished it in favor of his brother. Soon after this he removed to Rutland, in consequence of that place being selected as the permanent shire town. Mr. C. early acquired the confidence of his fellow citizens, and was honored by them with many important offices. He was oftentimes the representative of the town of his residence in the General Assembly, or its delegate to State Conventions. In October, 1778, he was for the first time elevated to that station, which he was so eminently calculated to do justice, to that of Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1789 he was also appointed one of the commissioners in behalf of Vermont, to adjust with those appointed by New York the differences which existed between the two states—and in 1790 he was appointed joint Comptroller of the State, with Lewis R. Morris, to negotiate the admission of Vermont into the Union. The importance of these commissions may be judged of from the results which attended them. By the agency of the first, the long protracted and bitter controversies between two sovereign states was adjusted and ended, and Vermont secured to herself that independent rank and those rights, which as she never could rightfully or honorably, so she never would voluntarily have given up. By means of the last she was admitted into that union of States, which has since become so extended a bulwark of free principles, and to whose help in their war of revolution she had contributed the mite of her ability, and had afforded no inconsiderable aid by the exploits of her "Green Mountain Boys" at Ticonderoga and Bennington.

Judge C. was a member of the State Convention, which assented to and ratified the U. S. Constitution, and declared it binding upon the people of Vermont after his admission. In March, 1801, he was appointed by WASHINGTON, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Vermont, which office he accepted.